Serv. O S^r his jewell
Row. With the gilded button
Seru. Is fallen sicke ath suddain
Row. How ath sullens.
Seru. A th' sudden, Sir I say, and very sicke;
Row. It seemes she hath got the tooth-ache
with raw apples.
Seru It seemes you have got the head-ache; fare ye well Sir,
you did not see my Master.
Row. Who told you so?
Tra. No, no, he did not see him. —— Exit Seruant.
Row. farewell blew bottell,
What should her sicknes bee?
Tra. for you it may be.
Row. Yes, when my braines are out I may beleeue it,
never before I am sure; yet I may see her
't will be a point of honestie.
Tra. It will so.
Row. It may be not too; you would faine be fing'ring
this od sinne offering of two hundred, Tranio,
how daintly and cunningly you driue me
up like a deere to the toyle; yet I may leape it,
and what's the woodman then?
Tran. A looser by ye,
speake will you goe or not, to me 'tis equall.
Row Come, what goes losse?
Tra. Nay, not a pinnie Rowland.
Row. Shall I haue libertie of conscience,
which by interpretation is ten kisses,
hang me if I affect her; yet it may be,
this whorson manners will require a struggling

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of two and twenty, or birlady thirty.
Tra. Birlady He require my wager then,
for if you kisse so often, and no kindnesse
I haue lost my speculation, I'le allow ye
Row. Speake like a gamester now,
Tra. It may be two.
Row Vnder a dozen Tranio there's no setting,
you shall haue fourthy shillings, winke at small faults,
say I take twenty, come, by all thats honest,
I doe it but to vex her.
Tra. He no by blowes,
if you can loue her doe, if ye can hate her,
or anie else that loues ye.
Row Prethee Tranio.
Tra. Why farewell 20 pound, twill not widoe me
you haue my resolution.
Row And your monie,
w^th, since you are so stubborne; if I forfeit
make me a jack a lent, and breake my shins,
for vntaged points and counters, He goe with you,
butt if thou gett'st a penny by ye bargaine
a parting kisse is lawfull.
Tra. I allow it.
Row. Knock out my braines with apples, yet a bargaine.
Tra. I tell you He no bargaine, win and weare it.
Row. Thou art the strangest fellow.
Tra. That's all one,
Row. Along then, - twenty pound more if thou darest,
I giue her not a good word,
Tra. Not a penny. Exeunt.

Enter